

Glenna Holloway
1028 Apple Lane
Lombard, Ill. 60148

ONLY SAND

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When I was eighteen I believed John Donne:
"No man is an island, entire of itself..." But he
was wrong. I wept and the water didn't rise,
bled and it didn't redden my neighbor's beach. I
grew up, shrank down, and became an island. I
wrote a play without parts, played a song
without notes. No man's death
diminishes me because I am not involved in man-
kind. Soundproof fog surrounds me
securing my secession. Why, Preacher,
would I send to know anything? I rubbed night
in my eyes, then polarized the currents and tides
of my See away from my placid thighs. And
here I sink and die.
And no bell tolls.
None knows.